SOMETHING.

EDITED

BY NEMO NOBODY, ESQUIRE.

"Tis Something.....Nothing."

No. 5.] *Boston, Saturday, December* 16, 1809. [Vol. I.

ON EDUCATION.—No. III.

In *modern* poetry we may frequently meet with sentences, of which the subject of the *first* member is to be understood in a *metaphorical*, and the subject of the *latter* member in a *literal* sense; but this error very rarely obtains in the *Hebrew* poetry. If, therefore, the *first* subject is found to be metaphorical, we may presume that it was intended the *latter* should be equally so construed, and if the latter cannot be understood in a literal sense, it is to be believed that the former must be taken metaphorically.

Presuming on the correctness of this observation, we shall venture to import the meaning of the following passage to be this.

He that spareth his *authority* hateth his son: but he that loveth him chasteneth him betimes—"*chasteneth*"—that is as we conceive, maketh him pure—were the word rod retained in the former part of the sentence, in its literal sense, the antithesis intended by the latter would be injured. For although the use of the rod may have been recommended as a punisher of *past crimes*, we may venture to assert that it never has been advocated as the introducer of *future virtues*. The errors of the mind can only be eradicated by the correction of the mind, and to the superiority of the chastening of *this* nature Solomon himself bears witness when he asserts, that "reproof entereth into the bosom of a wise man more than an hundred stripes into the back of a fool." And to this we will venture to add, that although external applications may whip the *of*fending Adam *out* of a child, it will be difficult to prove that they ever whipt one *de*fending virtue *into* him.

Ch. 14. 3. "In the mouth of the foolish," says Solomon, "is a rod of pride, but the lips of the wise shall preserve them." He cannot here

mean the mechanical instrument, he must indicate metaphorically, *that* haughty authority which foolish men assume. Again, ch. 22, v. 8. "He that soweth iniquity shall reap vanity, and the rod of his anger shall fail;" or, by the authority which he assumes in his wrath he shall himself be consumed.

Ch. 19, v. 18. "Chasten thy son while there is hope, and let not thy soul spare for his crying," or other actions of remonstrance.

Begin to make your child chaste and pure in his infancy, while there is the greatest hope of stamping lasting impressions, and do not let your wisdom or good sense be restricted in their exertions by any conduct on his part. But in this, we are not particularly instructed *how* we are to chasten our children, we are only told to exert our parental authority while there is hope that it may be useful. If to the words "chasten," "chastise," and "correct," which appear only to have originally meant, to make pure, to make chaste, and to rectify the heart, moderns will affix a sense implicating the use of a mechanical instrument, the maxims then essentially cease to be the doctrines of Solomon, and become those of his interpreters.

"Foolishness is bound in the heart of a child; but the rod of correction shall drive it far from him;" that is, as we conceive, the authority of those whose duty it is to mend his heart, properly exercised, shall drive foolishness far from him.

Let us ask if any person can affix any rationality of meaning to this passage if taken literally. Can the simple application of a mechanical instrument expel folly and impart sense? can the defects of the mind be cured by the woundings of the body? surely, no. Solomon could therefore only mean what *could* effect such consequences, and, that must be authoritative instruction: for the words instruction and correction are in the proverbs used to signify the same thing.

"The rod and reproof give wisdom; but a child left to *himself* bringeth his mother to shame."

Authority and the proper exercise of it give wisdom.

"Correct thy son and he shall give thee rest." Make his *heart* pure and you may place confidence in the propriety of his actions.

We mean not to infer that Solomon never uses the word rod in its literal signification, or that he never recommends the use of it, we only intended to prove that he has not given that general sanction to it which is perhaps too much supposed. But let us examine some passages in which it seems to occur in a literal sense.

Ch. 10, v. 13. "A rod is for the back (of whom?) of him that is void of understanding," (or *heart.*)

Ch. 19, v. 29. "Judgments are prepared for scorners, and stripes for the back, (of whom ?) of fools."

Ch. 23, v. 13, 14. "Withhold not correction from the child; for if thou beatest him with the rod, he shall not die."

"Thou shalt beat him with the rod, and shall deliver his soul from hell."

This we should conceive means, withhold not at all events the necessary instruction from your child, and even should you be obliged to beat him with the rod, he shall not die; if you should be reduced to the urgent necessity of using the rod, the imperious circumstances that called for it, and your *then* consequent application of it may save his soul from death.

(*To be continued.*)

Theatre, Friday, Dec. 8th. 1809.

THE GAMESTER, AND SPRIGS OF LAUREL.

Be it remembered that we write always from the impulse afforded us by the incidents presented—we have no partialities, and no enmities, to men or women.—We are consequently under the unpleasant necessity this evening of censuring Mr. Mills with all the severity that justice will permit, for his imperfections in the character of Stukely.—If the injury sustained by an actor's being imperfect in his part were confined to himself alone we should be less particular; but as Mr. Mills' incorrectness this evening deprived us of the pleasure we might have received from Mr. Cooper's acting, as well as from his own, we declare him entitled to no indulgence.

We can consequently only speak of Mr. Cooper when he was alone, or with Mrs. Beverly, for then only was he himself; but then he was—himself. If we ever mean or expect to have a theatrical performance that will do credit to the town of Boston, the public, or the audience must perform *their* duty; and their duty we conceive to consist principally in the *command* of their own rights—their right to every *syllable* that is promised to them.

The Boston audience, seem like the American public, to have no feeling for themselves; they must be either this or that—When will they judge for themselves, assert their native rights, and prove that they have a mind as well as a country of their own ?

ROXBURY,

Families residing on the high roads in the vicinity of Boston, are frequently called upon by travellers, male and female, representing

themselves as distressed, and applying for victuals, drink, accommodations, &c &c. We should be glad to be informed how far a charitable wish may with propriety be extended to a salutary effect in such cases. —We reside ourselves on Jamaica plains, and four times during the last week have such travellers been accommodated with all of which they appeared to be in want. Were we rich, our greatest happiness would be to relieve the poor; but our neighbours know us to be otherwise, and therefore, should not direct them to *our* house, merely because they think *us* to be *fools*.

To our Roxbury neighbours.—Who are these people? are they really objects of charity, or only pretendedly poor, that they may travel at other persons' expense? Is it deceit or poverty that brings them to our houses?—The answer is important.—A person inclined to be charitable may from ignorance or mistake encourage *vice*.—We apply to our minister for information.—And we expect it.

If such persons are *really* objects of charity, and we ourselves are inclined to be charitable, let us by subscription provide some place of accommodation for them. Let us do what that *vile* and *vicious* country England does. Let us provide resources whereby any citizen landing from distress on *any* part of our shores shall have means of returning to his home without the degradation of begging.

An asylum for *honest* travellers might at very little expense to individuals be procured.—There are establishments in England, in almost every town, where they who have served their country have a *right* to *claim* whatever is necessary to their return to their home, or to their duty, be it what it may.

We will only mention one. At Rochester there is an establishment which provides supper, lodging, and four pence on departure, to every traveller who can justify his claim to the indulgence.

We think it would do honour to the rich men of Roxbury, if instead of sending their needy travellers to the houses of the poor, they would establish an accommodation for them in some convenient tavern, where their expenses should be paid by the subscribers to such an institution.—If others have been put to as much inconvenience as we have, we should think they would willingly subscribe three or four dollars a year for the support of such an establishment.

Monday, Dec. 11*th.* 1809.

ADELGITHA, AND THE FLITCH OF BACON.

We purposely declined reading this play before its representation that we might judge impartially of the performance we shall, however,

defer our particular remarks until its second appearance, when we hope it will *not* be (as promised) represented *as* it was this evening.

We know what difficulties managers have to contend against, but we think that the managers of our theatre should be a little more particular in ascertaining that every part is completely committed to memory before the play is advertised for performance.—It is not the renewal of Mr. Cooper's engagement that will justify their bringing forward a tragedy in an imperfect state. After the many disappointments which the publick have experienced from their promises, can the managers expect that even Mr. Cooper's name will bring a full house on their advertisement of a new play? we hope not. Mr. Cooper may do *his* duty, but we must have some plausible reliance on his being properly supported. So long as they continue their present system of producing plays before they are properly prepared, they must experience and ought to expect a loss. Besides, was it not trifling with the public to say on Friday night that Mr. Cooper was engaged for the purpose of bringing forward a new play on Monday? If Mr. Cooper was engaged before Friday, and Adelgitha had been put in rehearsal before that time, the public should have been so informed. We only *hate* the wretched policy that's built upon distrust, but we *detest* the principle from which distrust arises. Deal fairly, openly, and honestly with a public, and that public will support you.

We hope at least that the managers will take a hint respecting farces from the ladies quitting their boxes, this evening.

The regulations lately introduced with regard to the boys at the doors of the theatre have our warmest congratulations; let them be persevered in, and *one* source of corruption will be dried up.

But *men* also must be more correct, let them only be convinced that a check is delivered to them *solely* for the purpose of securing their *own* free return, and a common sense of justice will make them *feel* that the sale of such check is dishonourable.

Tuesday, Dec. 12, 1809.

MR. OGILVIE'S SECOND ORATION ON DUELLING.

THERE are times when the feelings of a man intending to do justice to all parties will remain balanced between the sense of duty and the fear of doing wrong; in this situation we find ourselves this evening. Our reflections present opposite and in some respects contradictory ideas; our mind was satisfied, our judgment was decided at the conclusion of the oration, but after the recitations which closed the entertainment, Mr. Ogilvie came forward and apologized (to use his own words)

for the *mangled* state in which the oration had been delivered, observing at the same time that on his entrance to the room he had felt a "full confidence" in the efficiency of his powers and memory, but that the latter had deceived him, and that some part of the oration had been consequently omitted.

Before we heard the apology, we had questioned our own mind, and decided generally that the oration had added honour to the writer and charms to the feelings of the man, we had *materially* objected to no part of it, we thought it on the whole though a laboured, a polished oration, and as judicious and complete a composition as modern philosophy could produce. But when we were asked to attend to an apology, we confess that, listening to it, we were at a loss to reconcile the "full confidence" which Mr. Ogilvie declared he felt on his *entrance*, with the introduction of his manuscript *on* his entrance—a practice we have never witnessed from Mr. Ogilvie before. We do not object to the introduction of the manuscript, and every feeling that we could enjoy from the several applications to it, was derived from the expectation of our thereby listening to the whole. We consequently listened attentively to the *whole* oration as we thought, and our doubtful feelings were only excited when Mr. Ogilvie himself told us that he had mangled it.

We dare not flatter ourselves with an idea that our late observations could be the stimulating excitation of this apology, and we hope that Mr. Ogilvie would not condescend to attempt an aversion of public duty from any public exhibition.

We shall now, as if the apology had *not* been made, say what we think of this evening's oration.

We think few men could speak more pertinently on the subject, or address feelings more delicately or touchingly to the heart, than did Mr. Ogilvie this evening; to the writer, to the orator, to the man of feeling we give all praise—to the man of the world, none. We are as much opposed to duelling as any man that owns a relative that's dear to him can be; we are as much opposed to robbery and assassination, to felony of any nature. We are delighted with every attempt to prevent or diminish the prevalence of crime, and we most sincerely praise Mr. Ogilvie, for his *attempt*, and which we believe was by him most sincerely undertaken with the best intentions.—But

We cannot unmake man. We think that Mr. Ogilvie himself observed that the attempts of legislatures had proved futile, if not, *we know* that laws against duellists are made in vain while legislators themselves, and even ministers *will* fight—after such *examples*, can we expect that precepts will do any extensive good? We would not willingly detract

one atom from Mr. Ogilvie's merit, or weaken in the smallest degree the cause of moral energies.—But let us ask—why are our own laws so lenient with respect to *robbery*—but to prevent murder? which would be the inevitable consequence of *equal* punishment—of this the laws of England give us proof; duelling is an evil—so is robbery—will the world ever exist without it? or has it ever so existed? We cannot philosophise men into perfection, we must take them as they are, and they who wish to preserve a balance of good and evil, for that is all that can be expected, must not be so sanguine as to expect *eradication* of crimes, but modestly attempt the *diminution* of them.

We are ourselves attempting to do good, but we pretend not to the power of cleansing an Augæan stable; had we indeed an Alphean river of eloquence at our command, we would force it through the residence of vice, till virtue could walk therein unsoiled: but we know it to be an Herculean labour.

We should heartily wish the abolition of this practice of duelling, were we not afraid that the Prussian bye way, the Italian dark corner, the Parisian Morne, and the Spanish dagger would be substituted in its stead.

We have already observed that almost every man in the world knows what he *ought* and what he ought *not* to do; we have laws now that regulate the minuter transactions of our lives and conduct.—In the days of Demosthenes and Cicero, a school boy might have committed all their laws to memory in a week—therefore had pleadings to the passions their effect, because *feeling* and not *print* regulated decisions—a conviction of what is right is not *now* necessary from an orator, because laws have already convinced us; his whole trust must therefore be in persuasion.—The most spirited orations of Demosthenes, or the most polished effusions of Cicero would have no effect in *our* courts, for *law* would decide all.

In the persuasive part this evening we think Mr. Ogilvie deficient—because, the persuasive arguments against duelling, having their foundation solely on the destruction of a human being, were as applicable to the soldier who fights in defence of his country and consequently "murders" his enemy, as to the duellist.—We think it condescension in an orator to have recourse to popular though inappropriate terms to excite feeling.—Whatever may be our own thoughts on any subject, no citizen has a right to apply, and no person who respects the laws of his country, if an honest man, *would* apply any other term to a transaction than that which a jury of his countrymen would apply to it. We have known the cry of "murder" to arouse a whole neighbourhood, and we have known

children to cry "murder" when they have been whipped; but no murder was committed either in the former or the latter instance.

We think also that Mr. Ogilvie believes himself sometimes too safe in the firmness of his positions—and if the base is not solid the superstructure is at least insecure.

We feel some delicacy in recommending to Mr. Ogilvie the substitution of the English mode of pronouncing the letter "I," instead of that of the Scotch or French; but our duty to the public supercedes all other considerations.

We were delighted with the recitations of Gray's odes, they were most feelingly and emphatically delivered.

We will request leave of our patrons to subjoin a few remarks.

If we can judge of ourselves, or our power of governing prejudices or prepossessions, we give our fair candid opinion, on all performances and every thing that relates to them—we have already risked private friendship in our attempts for public good, we know it and we feel it—we write from what we think a correct principle.

It is not because we are pleased or amused with an exhibition that we shall at any time recommend it, we shall weigh its general *effects*, examine cautiously our own weaknesses, and deliberate before we venture to decide.

But let it be remembered that our deliberations must necessarily be of short duration, our observations concise, our language consequently unadorned.

In our character as editors, we declare we have no enmity, partiality, or jealously of or to any man or woman—if we are wrong we err in judgment. We write from the impressions of the moment—reflection might correct errors—but printers must be supplied with "matter" in time, or Saturday would produce nothing.

SCRAPS.

Wit and decency form the most delicate repast for the understanding. We confess that we are not very good cooks, and we are told that what we intend for "bonnes bouches" are now and then out of course. Though we may be a little deficient in *order* in some things, we hope we are not neglectful of the *desert*.

We laughed the other day at being told that we had no originality; the gentleman who made the observation may be informed by his friend, that what we borrow is only—money; when we are at a loss for original *ideas*, we will call upon *him*.

Though our publisher has thought proper to place our trifling observations under the head of scraps, we beg leave to assure the public that they are not gathered from rich men's tables.

Take care of the cat.—An expression commonly used, but applicable to cautions of a different nature. You may take care of a cat lest you should hurt *him*, or lest he should scratch *you*.

The doctor is coming.—These words generally put a careless family in motion. We have observed a similar agitation on Saturday mornings.—May "Something" prove a good physician.

Take care of what you say—we do not always hear with our own ears, but sometimes with those of a friend.

To those who enquire who and what we are, we will reply that we have talked with kings and beggars, we have danced with marchionesses and countesses, and we have dined with worse than beggars, where knives, forks, and spoons have been chained to the table; we have sounded the world's pipe from the "lowest note to the top of its compass"—yet will we defy France, England, and America to advance against us one mean or dishonest action.

We laugh at all censures of our style—we cannot be elaborate—we must write as fast as we can, and what we write is from feeling.

We shall be very happy when we are allowed to pursue a regular course, our distant friends will not comprehend many of our allusions; they are local; but our southern connexions know the use of mosquitoe nets.

The following remarks having appeared in one of the most respectable papers of this town as *editorial*, we think they demand a serious answer; had they appeared under the title of "communication" we should have answered them very differently.

From the Boston Gazette, Dec. 14th, 1809.

"We regret that in a publication which we lately recommended to the public, as containing matter which would probably justify their patronage and support, an uncandid and ungenerous criticism should be admitted, on the pursuit of a gentleman, whose performances have not only met with very general approbation, but have even produced an elegant panegyric from the very editor of the work to which it is our intention to allude. The objections advanced against Mr. Ogilvie's first Oration on Duelling are either applicable to *all orations* upon the subject, or are mere unsupported assertions. Such for example as objecting to the oration "in toto," without assigning such particular instances of defect

to warrant the general conclusion. We offer this merely as a hint to the editor, in future not to be *uncandid* in his opinions, however right he may be to assign specific objections to particular arguments."

ANSWER.

To the Editors of the Boston Gazette.

GENTLEMEN,

WE admit your friendly intentions: had your accusations been confined to our incorrectness of *judgment*, we should have bowed and kissed the rod—but the charge of being uncandid and ungenerous we must repel; for candor and generosity are the effluences of the *heart*, and the want of either infers a heart under the influence of passions of the basest nature. Ours *may be* under such control; but if so, we know it not ourselves. We confess a liability to all the weaknesses of human nature; and the incorrectness of self-estimation perhaps is not the least of them; but we do not err intentionally.

You accuse us of having admitted into our paper "an uncandid and ungenerous criticism, on the pursuit of a gentleman," &c. Will a review of our remarks establish the justice of this censure, or will not the accusation recoil on the accuser? We think we could never condemn a "pursuit" which we so much admire—from which we have received the highest gratification, and that engaged in by a gentleman with whom we *think* we are in friendship, and to whom we *know* we are under personal obligations.—But we are editors for the public, not for individuals; in our endeavours to do justice we know no man nor woman, it is the public character that appears before us whether in the shape of an orator, a manager or an actor, that we judge.—Nor is it because fashion follows Mr. Ogilvie that we will fear to censure where we think we ought, nor because fashion applauds that we will indiscriminately praise.—We will yet say more; we will not praise because we are pleased ourselves, until we are assured on reflection that we *ought* to have been so.

Our former remarks on Mr. Ogilvie were not in our estimation a "panegyrick;" we gave them as a just and deserved tribute to exalted talents, honourably, usefully, and we hope successfully applied.—We beg permission to differ from you in opinion respecting our objections to Mr. Ogilvie's first oration being applicable to all, and if we have not before given reason for those objections we will give them now; but you well know the duties of editors, and will permit us to be brief.

If the first oration was in itself complete in a moral as well as rhetorical point of view, there could be no necesssity for a second to answer it. If arguments strongly in favour of duelling were left unanswered; we

say as advocates for public good, and as fathers of children, whom we might have lost in duels the next day, we were justified in condemning this oration in toto.

So far however from shrinking from what we have said, we advance another observation, and declare that we think the subject an improper one for public orations—it would suit the pulpit better.

We have already in print our remarks on the second oration.

We thank you, gentlemen, for your hint, and trust that you will never again have an opportunity of accusing us of a want of candour.

We are, with respect, your's, &c.

Somewhere, Dec. 14, 1809.

FOR "SOMETHING."

A SCRAP.

Tantus tenet error amantem. OVID'S MET.

If fate the jolly boon will give,
I'll *live* to *love* and *love* to *live.*
Let cynics prate of wrath and sin,
I'll rate them all not worth a pin.—
The sun when set, again doth rise;
One short liv'd day must us suffice;
When once the light of life is gone,
Then comes the day, that knows no dawn.
I'll deeply drink of friendship's cup;
I'll drink its thrilling nectar up:
The "wine of life," its pow'rs will be
A life prolonging draught for me.
It oft has cours'd my youthful veins,
Its riots not a frown restrains;
Nor e'er shall age its current dry;
Nor treachery e'er be lurking by.
Let him, who dares, in friendship *trade,*
A statue for his curse, be made;
Harder than marble be his frame,
A lasting monument of shame.
Colder than *marble* is his *heart,*
Who ne'er'll a friendly act impart:
I'd shun him, as a beast of prey;
I'd hie me from his *haunts* away.
My days in peaceful course shall run,
That peace may follow, when they're done.

SOMEBODY

THE PUBLIC.

INDEED! Some very delicately patriotic gentleman censures us in a (by the bye) communication, for calling the public, in our third number, a many headed *monster*—a hydra.—Let us reply to this gentleman, by saying, that we will take as many liberties with the public as honest intentions will permit—but we deny that our term was unappropriate—for were all the heads of the public as delicately fair as those of our most beautiful females, no one could deny that their lower limbs were rather "scaly."

And does not such a being form a monster?

To our brother Editors of New-York.

GENTLEMEN,

We strongly and feelingly recommend to your encouragement and protection, the talents of Mr. Poe.—He *has* talents, and they may be improved or ruined by your just or incautious observations. We think, that the duty of an editor is first to feel, next to weigh, and lastly to determine.—We are well aware of the errors of this gentleman, but we *know* that such errors have frequently been introduced by unfeeling criticism. It is disgraceful in any editor to make actors on the stage a mere mark to shoot at.—If your intentions are to do good, encourage; If after you have done your duty, they do not improve—censure freely.

N. N.

Theatre, Wednesday, Dec. 13th, 1809.

ADELGITHA, AND THE SIXTY THIRD LETTER.

AND silence was in the galleries.

Thursday, Dec. 14th, 1809.

ADELGITHA, OR THE FRUITS OF A SINGLE ERROR.

By M. G. Lewis.

IT is in the power of genius to give to vice so delicate a covering that it may sometimes be mistaken for virtue—it is the duty of every avowed espouser of the public cause to draw aside her every veil, and shew her as she is.

We have now three times witnessed the performance of this play; and however "uncandid or ungenerous" we may appear, we shall still give our own opinions, unbiassed and unfettered.

With respect to an historical display of real character, this tragedy is *avowedly* incorrect. It was not intended as a branch of history by the

author, and consequently it only remains for us to remind our readers that they are only safe in considering it as a fable, to which some heroic names, without their corresponding characters have been attached.

A play may be moral in its general tendency and immoral in its particular parts; on the other hand, a play may be replete with sentiments of moral *feature*, and immoral in its general effect.

Our modern plays, like certain animals, can enjoy salutary existence only in a peculiar atmosphere, and to that atmosphere we could almost wish them confined; at least, till dramatic authors shall have firmness and ability to build their beauties on the broad base of nature—then, like Shakespeare, might they be approved in *every* country—for nature every where prevails.

A play may have a moral tendency in one country, and an immoral tendency in all others; what will tend to correct vice in one place may introduce it to another; of this we have fatal proofs—where vices are general, popularity glosses them with the title of errors—where they are less common, let us, for virtue's sake, still call them "vices."

Upon this principle we shall make our observations on this tragedy.

In the first place we are informed by its second title, that it exhibits, "The fruits of a single *error*." A single *error!*—before the exhibition of the play we had been induced to expect, that we should have received a lesson something like that delivered to us by the amiable Cowper—to teach us how the minutest pleasure, if indulged to excess, would lead to vice—but in the course of the performance we found, to our great astonishment, that this "single error" was—*not*—being too much attached to dancing, music, parties, &c. "innocent in themselves, but dangerous in the excess;" but that this "single *error*" was the willing sacrifice of the ornament of creation—the honour of a female.

This *virtuous* woman, after having given birth to a son—marries the prince of Apulia, and lives with him in honour and happiness twelve years.

"Pictoribus atque poetis
Quidlibet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas."

We will therefore not attempt a discussion on the propriety of this incident, but proceed.

Our opinion changes with the character. Adelgitha lives twelve years beloving and beloved, virtuous, honoured, and happy—of course repentant—deserving, as supposed, the character described by Dercetus.

"The model of all wives, all women;
"Whose passion for her lord—on man ne'er doated
"Woman, as doats on Guiscard Adelgitha."

Admitting then that she had so lived for twelve years, we should be *sorry* to be informed that any pagan philosophy, natural morality, or christianity could condemn such a woman.

The sweetest voice that ever sounded to humanity, has declared that there is more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, than over ninety and nine just persons who need no repentance. And great as was her first crime—did not Adelgitha repent? and after that repentance did she not live in the practice of every virtue, at least twelve years? can human *justice* doom such merit to punishment—to death?

Adelgitha was in our opinion in the first instance guilty of the greatest crime a female *can* commit but from the moment of an approved sincere repentance in our own wife or daughters we would see *that* crime no more; it is not because we feel the honour of our family affected, that we should doom a human being to perdition; but because we respect the deity, that we should attempt to save.

"'Tis in man's choice never to sin at all, but sinning once to stop exceeds his power." The latter part of this sentence demands we think the severest denunciation that critic honour can inflict.—What! if a man *once* sins must he necessarily *proceed* in sin? Oh no! let us open our doors to repentance; let us not encourage vice by refusing an asylum to repentant virtue; let us remember that "to err is *human*, to forgive *divine*." We mean not the foregoing observations as *criticisms* on the play, we do not *pretend* to criticise, we only make our remarks on the objects that fleet before us.

We have been highly gratified "in toto" (shocking words!) with every performer in this play, and notwithstanding all we have said against the play itself—as a play—we venture (and we may without contradiction to ourselves) to recommend this tragedy to the public for its *particular* beauties, for they who perceive its defects will have sense enough to avoid their influence, and they who do not, may be bettered by the *show* of morality.

One thing particularly delights us in the respectable part of the Boston audience. We never hear a really moral sentiment delivered, or see a really moral action performed, without a free and liberal applause.—This looks well: on the other hand, we find indecency applauded only where in a polished country it can be—by the galleries.

TOWN CLERK.

We thank the citizens of Boston for the honours they conferred on us on Wednesday last, by electing us to the office of Town Clerk. We declined however the acceptance of it, on principles of general utility, and heartily congratulate them on the success of our opponent.

NOBODY.

"'Tis *caviare* to the general."

On the table of Mr. Bruce, of Kinnaird, Scotland, was introduced a dish of bitter herbs, *so* called—to which as Mr. Bruce observed to the editor, Shakespeare alluded in this passage.

We care not for the insinuations daily propagated concerning the motives on which "Something" was established; we declare that we had but one, an honest maintenance for our family, entwined with a desire to do some good.

QUARREL.

Think twice before you speak at all,
And four times ere you jar;
Eight times ere you begin to brawl,
And ten times ere you war.

Then, if your conscience says you're just,
With confidence contend;
And, your opponent honest, must
At last become your friend.

Two persons disputed, a harsh word ensued,
Pride oppos'd each assuasive amend;
Passion let loose the rein, till each hand was imbrued
In the basely-shed blood of a friend.

I enter'd—*one* word had occasion'd the breach,
Which I thought could be heal'd by another:
They lov'd, they accepted my offer, and each
With joy shook the hand of a brother.

COLLECTANEUM, WINDSOR (VERMONT.)

We are honoured by the notices of this respectable society, and shall be proud when we know that our *mite* is received into their *treasury*.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Circular.—We *will* not admit any thing that has a personal, a political, or indelicate allusion.

To "*Somebody*" we feel much indebted, and *so* much that for his sake we have returned his spirited translation, to the Post Office, of the jeu d' esprit of Catullus, that he may have an opportunity of recollecting the

character and the acquaintances of Catullus, and enable us with propriety, *by a slight alteration of the concluding lines*, to insert it in our next. Atticus and Cicero were friends, so were Catullus and Petronius, but each character was essentially different from the other.

We thank many for their good *intentions*, but they must not expect that every thing that is sent can be inserted.—If therefore any person should be hurt by his productions not appearing in print he should only blame himself.

We are ready to do justice to all, but we will not, and dare not fill "Something" with nothings.

To Celia—(but we hate such affected titles) we would whisper, did we know her, "Prudence."

It will of course occur to all anonymous correspondents that we must judge them by their productions. We think we have hinted enough, if not, we will *say* more.

A HINT TO A FRIEND.

By every object we behold,
From infinite to nought,
Some moral lesson we are told,
Or some new feeling taught.

Yes, nature bountiful as free,
If carefully we scan,
Exhibits every thing we see,
To be the guide of man.

A moth hover'd round us, while Julia in pain,
Still follow'd its fluttering maze;
From the flame she attempted to save it in vain,
She wept, as it scorch'd in the blaze.

Ah Julia! forgive, if affectionate care
Too strong a resemblance presumes:
The moth is the female that's dazzled by glare,
And fashion the blaze that consumes.

ERRATA.

Among other erratas of smaller importance, was an essential omission in our last number which in our hurry escaped notice.—In p. 61, first line, for "before the answers in favour of duelling," &c. it should have been, "before the answers *to the arguments* in favour of duelling.